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THE BYSTANDER January 31, 1940.

The BYSTANDER

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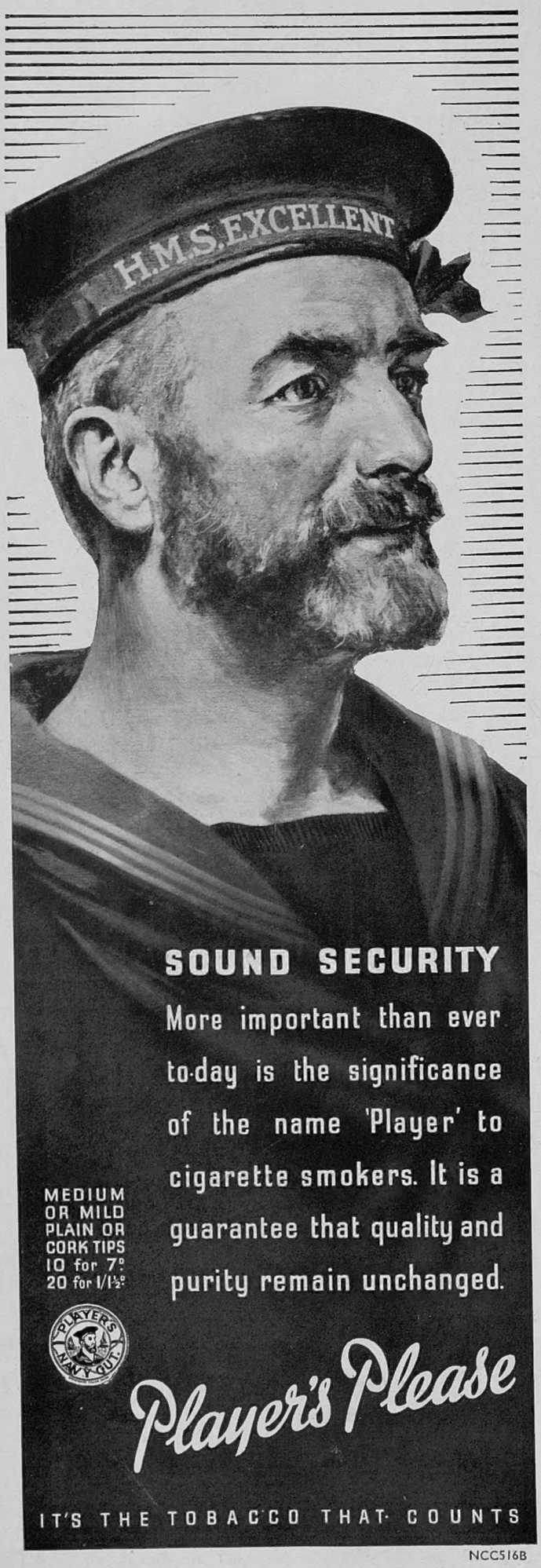

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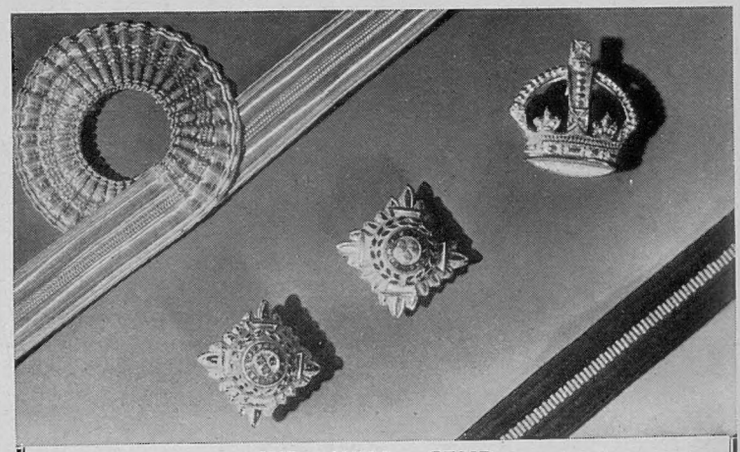

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The Bystander, January 31, 1940

No. 1885. Vol. CXLV

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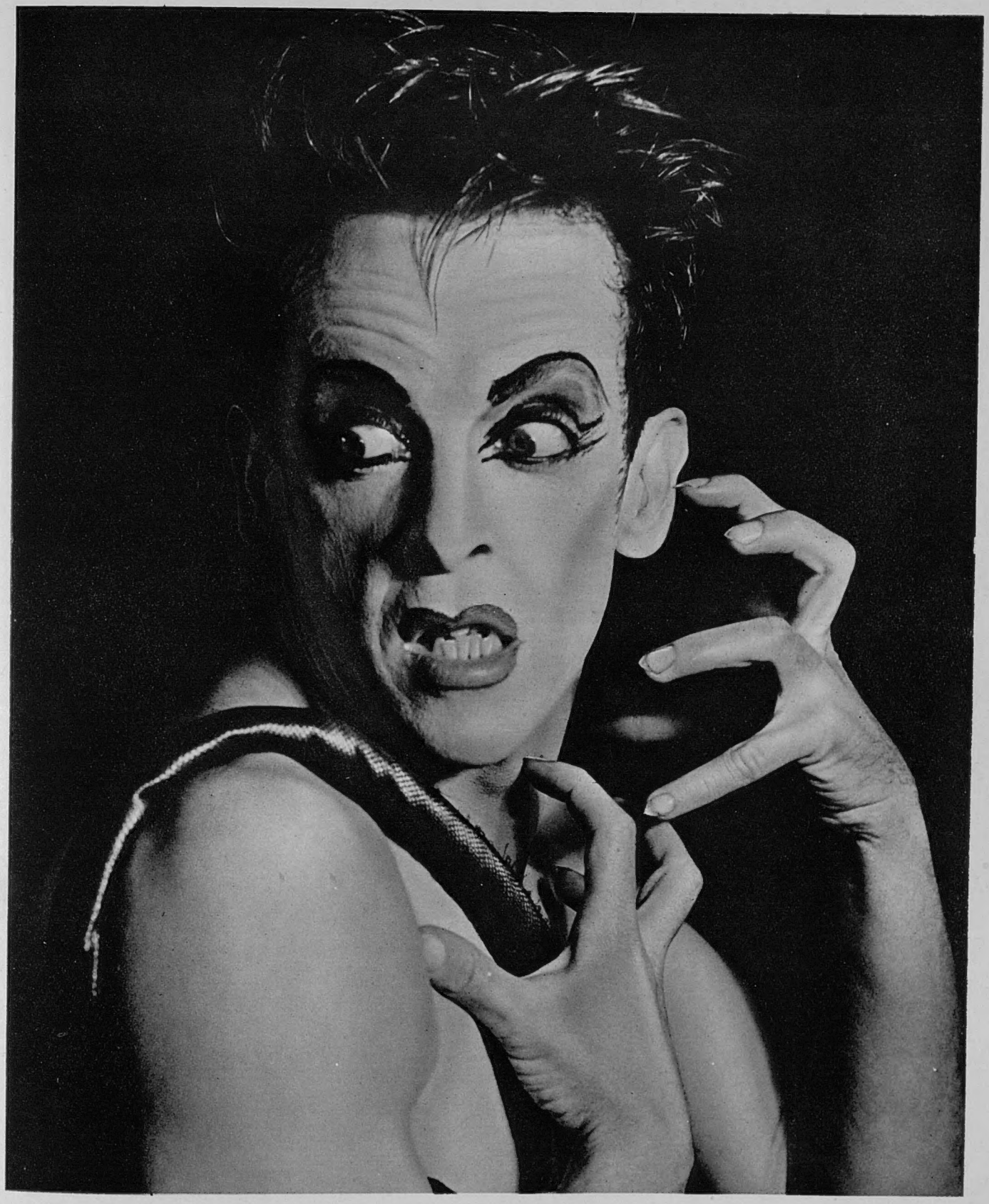
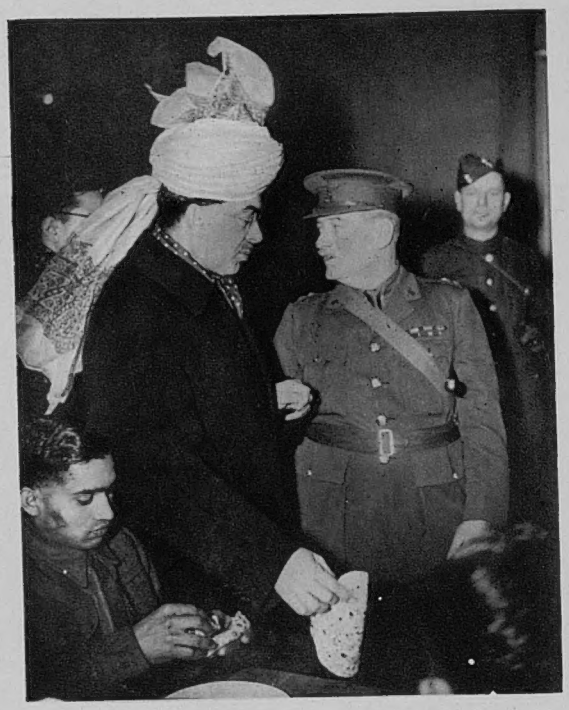


Anthony

Demon—Robert Helpmann in "Dante Sonata"

This demoniac study of Helpmann comes from his part as leader of the dark forces in the new Ashton-Liszt-Fedorovitch ballet at Sadler's Wells. More pictures of this exciting work are on pages 128-9. In *Checkmate*, given after the *Dante Sonata* premiere, Helpmann as the Red King repeated once more what is undoubtedly the finest dramatic creation of a role in the repertoire. From his entry as a frightened, tottering old man, every gesture and expression reflects the unfolding drama of which he is at first a spectator and finally the tragic victim. This is a superb piece of acting

***The Queen** last Wednesday visited Headquarters Staff of the Auxiliary Territorial Service in the War Office, wore mufti though she is Commandant-in-Chief of the Service. She inspected offices of the department, had members of the staff presented to her, was accompanied by Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan, Chief Controller of the A.T.S., here with her Majesty. The King was meanwhile inspecting Canadians at Aldershot*



***The Indian High Commissioner,** the Hon. Malik Sir Firozkhan Noon, was another inspector on the day the Queen visited the A.T.S. (left) and the King the Canadians. He went out from India House, Aldwych, to the London suburb where the first Indian company in England—the Indian Auxiliary Military Pioneer Corps—is quartered, and tried a chupatti pancake in their mess*

***The South African Premier,** General Jan Christiaan Smuts, made a vigorous reply to Gen. Hertzog's motion in the South African Parliament for peace with Germany, describing the Opposition leader's speech as like a chapter from "Mein Kampf"; but was himself attacked for "warmongering" by Malan and Pirow. Herewith Smuts, Mrs. Smuts, and granddaughter Cecilie at Groote Schuur, the P.M.'s residence*

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE most important event of the week was the broadcast from the Vatican. It was the strongest denunciation of German barbarism that has yet been delivered anywhere, and its effect must be profound. There were no half-measures about it, and it will be applauded in every corner of the world where Freedom and Humanity are still regarded as important things.

A COMBINATION of Dutch, Danish and Norwegian air services got together last week and transported me at a great pace round Scandinavia, and dropped me neatly into the Shoreham airport, according to schedule, at the end of the journey. Scandinavia was, as usual, charming, hospitable, and quite incredibly cold. The temperature in Stockholm was not only as low as it has been in living memory, but was helped in its grim work by a gale of wind which was blowing direct from the North Pole.

SCANDINAVIA is profoundly uneasy, and, I think you will agree, with good reason. Sweden is the most self-reliant of the three countries, as she possesses a strong and sturdy army, with first-class equipment. Norway has practically no army, and has completely neglected A.R.P. precautions, and is consequently now in a state of wild alarm. Denmark is frankly resigned to its position. It can do nothing, and knows it. All three are desperately anxious to preserve their neutrality.

IT is easy enough for Mr. Churchill to urge the neutrals to fulfil their duties under the Covenant of the League of Nations. Scandinavia can reply with an unanswerable question: "Are you fulfilling your duty as a member of the League of Nations towards your fellow-member, Finland?" As a matter of fact, the question is not unanswerable now that I come to think of it. There is a plain and simple reply—the single word "No."

BOTH in Norway and Sweden I found everyone most unwilling to talk about the war. Whenever I asked whether help was going to Finland, or whether munitions were crossing Scandinavia from Britain and France, I was invariably met with a blank stare and the words "I don't know, and I don't want to know." But on a good many occasions this blank stare and reply were accompanied by something which looked suspiciously like a wink. Actually there is a steady flow of volunteers and munitions going on all the time.

BUT whether the steady flow of help to Finland is sufficient is another story altogether. I met one Swedish officer who was willing to talk, in whispers, and he told me that the Finns reckoned that they could hold out until the end of March, but that after the end of March they could do no more unless very substantial help was forthcoming. They have only 300,000 men, all told, and these are all in the front line all the time, without reserves or possibility of relief.

THE first thing which struck me a violent punch, so to speak, when I stepped out of the aeroplane at Copenhagen was the bright lighting in the streets and the shops. I had not realised to what an extent the black-out has worked its way into our lives. The neon advertisements and the arc-lights in front of the cinemas, and the displays in the shop-windows were quite staggering after months of wartime London.

AT Oslo airport I met a group of small, dark, unshaven, excited little chaps standing in a corner, chattering to each other eagerly. I edged up to them, and found that they were a party of French pilots on their way to enlist in the Finnish Army. The general theme of their conversation was that sixty degrees of frost was a bit thick. I did not tell them that the radio on the night before had announced that in Finland there were eighty-five degrees of frost.

IN all the accounts of the Soviet bombing raids on Finland it is emphasised that the loss of life has been very small considering the number of bombs dropped. But there is one angle which has hardly been mentioned at all in the Press, and that is the breaking of the windows. A bomb exploding within fifty yards of a pane of glass will almost certainly smash it, and the suffering in Finland to-day

***French war correspondents** arrived here last week, following hot on the party of French newspaper owners, so that they could tell their readers of "the magnitude of Britain's war effort." There were eight of them, all attached to the B.E.F., they were headed by Captain Sir André Maurois (French uniform), met by Major-Gen. Beith (War Office) and Sir Edward Grigg (Ministry of Information). They were shown, inter alia, tank and infantry and officers' training units, the Canadian division, an ordnance factory, a flying school, and so on*

from the shattering of the windows is terrible indeed, with eighty degrees of frost and the snow blizzards coming down from the north.

THE French reply to the Governments of the American continent on the subject of the "Security Zone" was a good deal stronger than ours. Paris not only declined to renounce the right of attacking German ships within the zone, but added a smart little counter-attack of its own. It bluntly stated in so many words that the American Governments have not been taking proper measures to see that German ships stay where they are in American ports, and have not controlled "unneutral services," particularly by radio, within the "Security Zone."

THE United States are setting up a prolonged howl of indignation over the stopping, by the British Navy, of their mails to Germany and to neutral countries. I wish they would get it into their Middle Western heads (and that goes for the Atlantic seaboard, too) that when we are fighting for civilisation against the horrors of Nazidom, we don't care a tinker's damn if an American business-man's letter is a couple of days overdue. It seems to us less important than the defence of Freedom.

GENERAL FRANCO has dropped out of the news lately, and in this country nobody seems to know, or care, what is happening in Spain. The gallant General popped up, however, last week with a couple of remarks about the German treatment of Poland. He dismissed it almost casually with the words, "To try to save a defeated nation cannot be a reason for prolonging the war." And again, "Defeat is not an uncommon experience. Every nation has known it. Most have recovered from it." Well, each person has his own point of view. But I am glad for the sake of Poland that the British and French do not see eye to eye with General Franco on this particular matter.

AS you all know to your cost, my record as a prophet on this page has been one of undiluted fiasco over a long period of years, but my telegraphic address is "Resilience, Gospel Oak," and here I am once again making another attempt to tip Old Moore off his pedestal. Briefly, my prophecy is this: that in the near future Syria will come into the limelight. General Weygand is there with a powerful army. Our own forces in Egypt and Palestine are strong, and it is only a matter of 500 miles from Syria to Batum and Baku, the centres of the Russian oil production. If an Allied aeroplane wanted to fly from Syria to these oil centres, it would have to cross the territory of Turkey, which is one of our staunchest allies. This consideration may make the Kremlin ponder. The idea might also have percolated through to the German High Command.

THE new decree which imposes a 20-m.p.h. speed limit in the black-out must surely be one of the silliest on record. How is anyone going to estimate the speed of a car correctly in pitch darkness? And how is anyone going to prove that the estimate is correct? And how is anyone going to read the rear number of a car that has whizzed past? A law that cannot be enforced would be better out of the way altogether. Surely an order restoring the tail-light so that the rear number can be read would be infinitely better, without helping enemy airmen to any great extent.

A CONSIDERABLE storm is blowing up in the direction of "Ensa," and Field-Marshal Basil Dean is probably rushing reinforcements up to his Mannerheim Line. It seems to be agreed on all sides that things are not well with the entertainments in France. Anyway, it is the Field-Marshal's turn to talk.

MR. DONALD OWEN REGINALD ADAMS has been deprived of his rank as Lieutenant in the British Army, and sent to college, or dropped into the cooler, or transferred to the country, whichever you like to call it, for seven years' penal servitude for espionage. I cannot help thinking that his parents may have been to blame a little for giving him such fatal initials.

ADMIRERS of Britain's greatest detective will be glad to hear that once again the Government has enlisted his services. Mr. Sherlock Holmes, who will be eighty-eight this year, is naturally not so strong physically as he once was, but his ability to solve cryptograms is as keen as ever, and he is now working in the Intelligence Service. I understand that messengers take the cryptograms down to his Bee Farm in Sussex, and that he solves them while the messenger waits in the hall. Dr. Watson, who will be eighty-nine this year, has been rejected, I am sorry to say, from the R.A.M.C., his old Corps, for a variety of reasons. He spends his day mostly at the club, describing to anyone who will listen to him the battle of Maiwand in July 1880, and also at great length "his experiences of women in three continents."

***The Duke of Windsor,** liaison officer with the rank of Major-General, came to England on leave on Sunday, left on Wednesday of last week, was unaccompanied by his wife. During his visit he conferred with General Ironside at the War Office. Newspapers announced the ex-King's second visit since he abdicated thus: "Express": 4 headlines, 15 lines, top of main news page; "News Chronicle": 2 headlines, 15 lines, middle of main page; "Telegraph": 1 headline, 7 lines, bottom of second news page; "The Times": 1 headline, 2 lines, bottom of main page*

"Dante Sonata"

Frederick Ashton's New Ballet to Liszt Music, at Sadler's Wells

The groups form and break and form again into dramatic or beautiful or horrifying patterns. In this, the white-clad figures include Michael Somes, their leader, Richard Ellis, Julia Farron (right)

Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes lead one of the two groups of dancers whose impact on and struggle with each other gives the ballet its dramatic theme. The audience, seeing the white and the black dresses, watching the contrasted moods of each group's dancing, may translate the symbolism as they will, into good and evil, light and darkness, hope and despair, angels and devils

On the left is another phase of the struggle where the leader of the dark forces, Robert Helpmann confronts three of the opposing band of dancers, Pamela May, Alan Carter and John Hart

On the right is the final tableau which has, in its place in the ballet, extraordinary beauty and significance. The dancers taking part are Margot Fonteyn, Pamela May, Julia Farron, Anne Spicer, Olive Deacon, Joan Phillips, Joan Leaman, Jean Bedells, Michael Somes, Richard Ellis, Leslie Edwards, Leo Young, in one group; in the other June Brae, Joy Newton, Patricia Garnett, Palma Nye, Guinevere Parry, Mavis Jackson, Annabel Farjeon, Joan Ross, Robert Helpmann, Alan Carter, John Hart, Stanley Hall

"Liszt's 'D'Après une Lecture de Dante' is not, like his Dante Symphony, an illustrative work. It was intended to represent in musical form his reactions after reading Dante's 'Inferno' and 'Purgatory.' The artists responsible for the present production have adopted the same attitude towards Liszt as Liszt did towards Dante. The ballet is therefore a freely symbolical interpretation of the moods and form of the music and, though it represents the warring attitudes of two different groups of equally tortured spirits, it tells no set story." The result of this "interpretation" is a ballet of astonishing dramatic intensity and plastic beauty. Frederick Ashton, for whom Liszt seems to carry a special inspiration, has composed like a musician, and arouses emotion in the spectator by movements and groupings that have the minimum of literary content. From the technical point of view, the choreographer has risen far above the limitations which the use of a non-classical style so often seems to impose. The black and white decor and dresses by Sophie Fedorovitch after Flaxman are perfectly effective in their simplicity, and the side lighting adds to the unearthly illusion. The orchestration by Constant Lambert was used for the three performances at Sadler's Wells last week, with Louis Kentner as solo pianist. Now the company has set out once more, with two pianos, on a ten-weeks' tour, starting at Cambridge

June Brae and Robert Helpmann lead the opposing group, whose movements are frenzied, bitter, often grotesque. June Brae fills the stage with tempestuous fury, Helpmann with the same evil intensity as he brings to Satan in "Job"

Photographs by Anthony

Sanity Fare

By Douglas Reed

The Author of "Insanity Fair" Covers the War Fronts

After the Winter Sleep

THE season is approaching at which all life stirs, and I suppose this time death will stir too; the war will liven up. I do not think, and have always written this, that the terrific blow at Britain, launched with every ounce of Germany's land, sea and air fighting-power, will come, because I do not think Hitler is a man to declare grand slam in spades without the ace of that suit. In other words, that Grand Offensive, the *Blitzkrieg* which so many of my monolingual country-people still expect, would present us with a chance of decisive victory.

But Hitler may well pocket anything small that is lying about—Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Rumania and Hungary are the obvious next-please candidates. Belgium, by all credible evidence, only missed her turn on January 13th through the chance landing in Belgium of a German officer with the plans in his pocket.

Victories but not Victors

AN extremely well-equipped German observer with whom I have been talking, one who fought with distinction in the last war, and believed in Ludendorff and victory until August 1918, when he suddenly saw brand-new, well-trained and well-fed American troops appear before him, singing, says he is horrified to-day (although he wants Hitler's downfall more than anything on earth) to see how that man is repeating Ludendorff's mistakes.

This man says that, until five minutes before crushing defeat, Ludendorff, too, held most of Europe in his fist, and could even have had more of it if he had launched his last great attack against Italy and not against the French and British; but victory was unattainable.

So he expects to see Hitler, for a while yet, go from victory to victory and move nearer his own end. This man is watching, particularly, Belgium, Holland, Denmark and Rumania.

The German Mind

THIS informant knows his countrymen inside out. He is convinced that Hitler will be overthrown from within, but is sure that this will not happen until two conditions have been fulfilled: until Germany feels the pinch of want *and* the taste of war. Hitler's greatest asset, he says, is that the Germans, who have never known within their walls the horrors they have inflicted on one foreign people after another (to-day they are executing Poles and Czechs just as they did Belgians at the beginning of the last war), still feel themselves safe in this respect. They feel themselves impregnable, and can by sea, air and land sorties, even in a quiet period, kill substantial numbers of foreigners. Their own loss of life has been trivial since the Polish campaign, and every time they sink a destroyer or fishing-trawler and slaughter a few men, they feel that a small balance in their favour is accumulating. All their fighting has been done on other people's land. As long as this continues, he does not promise himself much from food—or coal—shortage in Germany, especially as Hitler can probably produce some cheap new local triumph at any moment.

But for this, my informant thinks, the moment for the overthrow of Hitler would ripen much quicker than most people expect. The movement is there, he says, but is held in check by this factor.

The movement he means, and his information is that it is latently most acute now, is the deep-rooted and long-standing hostility between the regular Reichswehr and the Nazi extremists, as particularly represented in the home-front terrorist army, the S.S. The Reichswehr (by which I mean also the German Navy) is disgusted with the S.S., and its methods in Poland and Bohemia-Moravia; with the scuttling of the Admiral Graf Spee; with Goebbels and with Hitler's confederate, Bolshevy.

An Old Feud

I KNOW enough of Germany to vouch for the truth of this opinion. The feud between the regular army and the worst elements in the National Socialist Party (now embodied in the S.S., which, remember, is also an *army*, with weapons, entrenched on the home-front and standing between the regular army and the nation) has continued ever since Hitler came to power in 1933. In 1934 the army would have overthrown him, if he had not disciplined those detested Nazi extremists, then represented chiefly in the S.A., or Brown Army. He shot the leaders, and the army pledged allegiance to him. The army won. But the extremists rallied, in the shape of the S.S., which now includes regular, barrack-dwelling formations of foot, artillery, and even aeroplanes, as well as the all-powerful secret police. The counter-attack came in March 1938, when the Nazi extremists achieved the annexation of Austria, and about a hundred senior Reichswehr officers were retired. The S.S. won that day.

That is Hitler's weak point. That private war still goes on. Only a sharp taste of war *inside* Germany, the dawning general perception in Germany that Hitler and the S.S. are leading Germany to disaster, are needed to set that inner-German war in motion. But—how?

It is to be hoped that our leaders, by now, understand the German psychology enough to understand these things. Some public speeches, the bulk of the how-shall-we handle-Germany-after-this-war correspondence in the Press, unfortunately suggests that exactly the same state of incomprehension prevails that led to this war. This will make the winning of the war more difficult, and the winning of the next peace perhaps impossible.

Brave Music

THE German radio, always fertile in ideas, recently broadcast fifteen minutes in a munition factory, so that listeners should hear the music with which German munition-makers are now entertained. Bands have been sent to the larger factories, so that music-while-you-work is the rule in them. My friend de Bunker believes that the idea is to prevent the workers from hearing the rumbling of their stomachs, but I gainsay this; the Germans are not as hungry as that, yet. Indeed, music in any workshop sounds a good idea.

Air escort: *this is one of a new series of good action photographs of the R.A.F. Coastal Command at work. Big Sunderland flying-boats meet convoys many miles out, have flown five million miles on the job since September, sighted and attacked over a hundred U-boats. Any suspicious craft is photographed, a cold job for this sergeant*

***The kernel** of the committee is Sir Walter Russell, R.A., Keeper of the Royal Academy, who served last war in the R.E.; Sir Kenneth Clark, Director of the National Gallery; Mr. P. H. Jowett, R.W.S., Principal of the Royal College of Art; and Sir Muirhead Bone*

The Artists' Advisory Committee Mobilises a Studio Front Line

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

***The full committee** is seen above, backed by Tiepolo's painting of the Greek wooden horse outside Troy. Left to right they are: R. M. Y. Gleadowe (Admiralty), W. P. Hildred, O.B.E. (Air Ministry), J. T. Burke (Ministry of Home Security), Sir Muirhead Bone, P. H. Jowett, Sir Walter Russell, E. M. O'R. Dickey (secretary to the committee), Sir Kenneth Clark, Leigh Ashton (Ministry of Information), and the hands of C. R. Coote (War Office)*

Following our publication last month of official pictures of the Board of Admiralty and the War Council, we now present photographs, specially taken for the *Bystander*, of the G.H.Q. of official art for Great War II. In December the formation of an Artists' Advisory Committee was announced by the Minister of Information, its job being to select artists in co-operation with the Service departments, deal with questions of copyright reproduction and exhibition of the resultant works. Its first fruits are the selection of Eric Kennington to paint General Ironside's portrait, which we recorded photographically last week, and of William Roberts for another portrait

Actress Turns Auctioneer for the Finns

Gertrude Lawrence, playing the lead—and leading attraction—in "The Skylark" in New York, auctioned twenty-eight paintings by Ben Silbert in aid of the Finnish Relief Fund. The pictures were painted in Finland last year by Silbert, working in temperatures down to 20 zero, and he donated them to the Fund. Ex-President Herbert Hoover, with Miss Lawrence here, is Chairman of the Fund, which has sent considerable contributions across the Atlantic

Hit and Haw Were Chairmen at Lunch

The latest Foyle's literary luncheon at Grosvenor House (January 18th) was in honour of an absent author of fiction—Lord Haw-Haw of Zeesen, the broadcaster. It was also to celebrate a "biography" of the noble lord by Jonah Barrington, "Daily Express" wireless critic, who named him, and Ian Fenwick, "Bystander" artist, who drew him. The Western Brothers later gave their idea of Haw-Haw, George as his employer, Ken as himself

Sidelines of War

Art and Entertainment Rally Round

Chelsea A.R.P. Post Decorates Itself

Mrs. Sylvia Melland, V.A.D., seen here painting an operation in the theatre of the Manchester Royal Hospital for a forthcoming exhibition, is one of the artists who have contributed to the decoration of the nurses' rest-room in London's liveliest A.R.P. post, Chelsea's. Suzanne Grotrian, whose work is well known to "Bystander" readers, is another member-decorator

"Funny Side Up" Girls Knit for Their Dug-out

Florence Desmond, star of "Funny Side Up" at His Majesty's, has started a knitting bee for girls of the cast during waits. Results of their labours, which are seen here, will be sent out to members of a dug-out on the Western Front which has been called, after the show, "Funny Side Up"

The Theatre

"Follow My Leader," at the Apollo Theatre

THE latest illustration of a famous conductor's tactful charm is the story that he arrived home one night to find uncurtained windows at the top of his house throwing a beam of almost Eddystonian intensity into the surrounding darkness. In the garden waited impatiently a special constable. On the way upstairs to the lighted room the conductor discovered that the constable was an intelligent young man who preferred Beethoven to Wagner. Over a drink some difference of opinion about Brahms appeared, but the discussion remained quite amicable, and in due course the young man left without saying why he had called. The windows were still uncurtained, still blazing like the Eddystone Lighthouse. Mildly amusing this story may be while there are no air raids; it would not be amusing at all the day after the first bombs had fallen; and this skit by Terence Rattigan and Anthony Maurice on dictatorships is in great danger of suffering from a similar mutation of feeling.

"FOLLOW MY LEADER" was written before the war and held up by the Lord Chamberlain, presumably because he considered its political and personal parallels altogether too daring. It has been released for performance at a time when the parallels have lost any theatrical piquancy they might have possessed six months ago, and when farce seems much too kindly a medium for the treatment of Hitler and Goering. The discrepancy between the farcical and the actual is too glaring to be avoided by mere banter. These not unlikable buffoons make foolishly fantastic plans for the invasion of Neurasthenia, and in comes at once the thought of Poland to cast a long, disastrous shadow over the fun. If the authors had known that their play would be presented in wartime they might have done either of two things—given their story and characterisation satirical punch or arranged it for musical comedy.

As it stands, the humour is as simple as the humour of a newspaper comic-strip, and in its unpretentious way is tolerably well sustained. The two strong men of Moronia, each unwilling to serve under the other, establish as Leader a harmless little plumber. The means taken to boost this nonentity into popular favour are the framework on which hang many jokes aimed at the dictators. Francis L. Sullivan represents one dictator as a coarse and jolly rogue with an amiable weakness for personal display. Walter Hudd gives the other a staccato efficiency and a sinister hiss of displeasure. And Reginald Beckwith, in appearance Chaplinesque, makes of the puppet leader a humble and touchingly absurd little man. Helped out by a little music these would be three most diverting performances, but the only help of that sort comes about through Goering's attempt to sing "The Lambeth Walk," which he has selected as a suitable Party marching song. But the evening includes two really delightful pieces of acting—Athole Stewart's sketch of a king who is absorbed in the mysteries of plumbing while his generals shout his country's future down the wind, and Marcus Barron's torn, tattered but essentially correct British Ambassador, who has just been blown up with his Embassy, paying a call upon the Dictator to draw attention to the—well, irregularity seems too strong a word.

A. V. C.

Journalist in Moronia: Eileen Peel

L'après-midi d'un Fuehrer: Reginald Beckwith

Sketches by Rouson

Bald-pates trying to keep their hair on: Athole Stewart, Marcus Barron

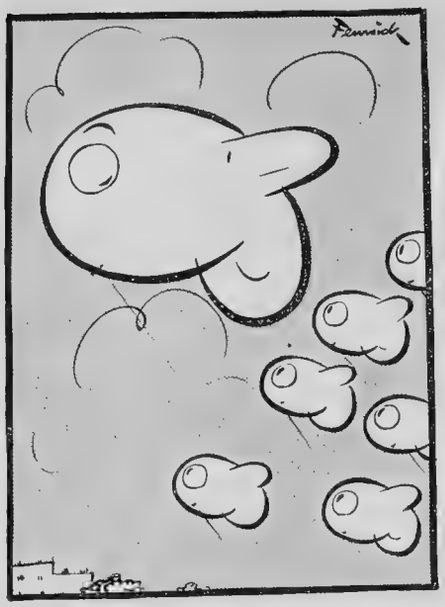
Dictators in dispute: Francis L. Sullivan, Walter Hudd

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

VAGUE mutterings and mewing noises about the behaviour of the London taxi-driver since the outbreak of war seem to be gathering volume among the populace. Ninety per cent. of drivers, as everybody knows, are the most admirable of citizens, but a cantankerous minority seems to be making the most of a favourable position to baffle and humiliate the bourgeoisie, the demand at the moment vastly exceeding the supply. Hence the late-nightly West End spectacle of a procession of taxi-drivers, stiff and proud as Lucifer, sweeping grandly past a forest of agitated pleading arms, deaf as adders to all cries of agony and distress, or demanding huge ransom. There seems to be a point about the petrol supply after 9 p.m. which affords an excuse, but many drivers seem to be overdoing the pleasures of sadism. There are authorities in every club whose smug pans light up instantaneously with amusement and pity when you remark on this. "Oh," they cry, "but you don't know the *law*, old boy! Under 6 Ed. VII., Cap. XV., section 89," etc., etc., implying that only a fish-faced cretin like you would let himself be fobbed off with taxi-drivers' refusals and demands. We 're still waiting for one of these experts to give us a demonstration. Meanwhile it 's obvious that general ignorance of citizens' common rights enables some people to get away with a lot of things nowadays. For example, it is a fact (we 're told) that if they refuse snobbishly to serve you with beer in the Lounge or Palm Court of some flashy country hotel, once an honest pub, you can reduce them instantly to servile obedience by threatening to oppose their licence at the next brewster sessions. Similarly, they 're bound to supply you with drinking water, if you are thirsty enough to need it. Whether, if they refuse you food, you can produce raw meat and compel them to cook it (or to let you cook it) under 3 Rich. II., Cap. IX., or something, we 're not absolutely certain. A chap once told us a long, dull, triumphant story about his grinding a haughty innkeeper into the dust in this way, but he was a booksy boy and may have been a liar. The clou or essence of speedy victory in all cases, it seems, is to speak very clearly, sharp, and fast, and to look like a lawyer, and what sane Christian man would ever want to do that?



"Mum, tell us about Hitler"

Guests

THAT little matter of some 70,000 or so aliens, mostly German nationals, roaming about this country practically free as air, by the Pickwickian kindness of the Aliens Tribunals, is beginning to exercise a few thoughtful minds. No doubt our guests can all be trusted to play the game—one of the columnist boys recently suggested a Government issue of a tiny silver cricket bat to each of them, as a reminder—but on the other hand, some people are asking, can they? That recent case of photographs of a "secret" British 'plane which got reproduced in the German newspapers gives point to such mild questionings, not to speak of the discovery (as in the last war) of a German "key man" in one of our war factories a little time ago. It has also been noted that certain aliens warmly recommended and vouched for by certain British sponsors are suspect to the police, which is not terribly surprising, all things considered. Without falling into the ridiculous follies of the spy fever of 1914, and reporting dachshunds for signalling to U-boats, it might, one thinks, be possible to cope with this big problem a little more successfully, yet without infringing the rules of British fair play.

"We always dress for dinner here"

Concentration camps being out of the question, though the Secret Service would probably welcome them, we seriously think the M.C.C. should be called in. Daily instruction for aliens at the nets, regular sermons and retreats by Archbp. Fry, Bp. Jardine, Archdeacon Hobbs, and others of the Hierarchy, intensive and commented study of manuals of devotion by leading Test cricketers—the Life of Bp. Bradman especially, if not deemed too sensational—and trips to places of historic cricketing interest (such as the spot at Lord's where W. G. Grace took a purler after making 145, or 245, or 545 against Leicestershire in 1887, now marked by an inscription in the Sacred Turf) would very soon inspire the most unpromising alien with that chivalry, nobility, and love of truth and decency which has made, etc., etc., etc., *et tout le tralala*.

Rout

DROVES of big business men, our City spies report, are returning to London from the country with their serfs almost every week, wisely or not. Their sallow, cunning pans are flushed with unaccustomed health ("Fresh Air and Exercise *versus* Drink and Night-clubs," as the triumphant hero says in *Young England*), their eyes are red with avarice and lust. Communion with sweet Mother Nature and daily juxtaposition with such simple, innocent things as cows and sheep and turnip-cutters, churns and birdies and mud, have merely increased their appetite for the urban flesh-pots, it seems, and the homely dials of the peasantry—especially the female peasantry—have driven some of them half-crazy. And, as it happens, vice-versa. In a southern village we know, the inhabitants adopted an emergency attitude from the first. Girls between twelve and thirty-five were herded indoors, quite unnecessarily. Doors and windows were barred. Fowls were rounded up. Henry Glue and Joe Potts sat outside the Red Lion all day ostentatiously cleaning and oiling their

rook rifles. Old Mrs. Turmutt, our local witch, composed a special all-in curse and hurled it at every stranger, from the Managing Director in his car to the tiniest, dumbest blonde typist on her muddy bicycle. Where French children would have rudely imitated the cuckoo and Italian children would have made signs warding off the Evil Eye, our native innocents made hideous faces and burst into noisy tears. It was openly said that up at the Hall, temporarily occupied by the City slickers, the big business men and their odalisques ate off gold plate by torchlight and were served by naked dancing girls. We didn't believe this personally, nor did the Rector, so far as we could gather, though his eye was dubious. A rare old dumbledore and set-out it was, believe you us. Now Arcadia has conquered and the foreign varmint has fled back to Town, we 're in pretty good heart again and starting up all the old feuds with new relish. Which only shows something or other.

Joybox

MANY thoughtful citizens will hope that a recent rumour about the Ministry of Information is accurate – namely, that the B.B.C.'s famous Talking Mongoose has now been seconded to assist Sir John Reith in reforming that fantastic Bloomsbury box of tricks. You haven't forgotten the Mongoose Case, which has just bobbed up again in a book on the B.B.C. by Mr. Lambert ? The Mongoose lived, if we remember rightly, in the Isle of Man and had mystic powers of prophecy and divination. Whether it employed one of those Red Indian guides to the spirit-world we forget at the moment, but anyway, it was—and doubtless is—Big Medicine and Strong Magic, and if Chief Bacon-Rind can be induced to use a dictaphone we ought to be getting some results pretty quickly. Tiny Professors of Sanskrit employed in shifting pianos, dons innocent of modern languages running Foreign News Departments, dishevelled booksy women pegging busily away at long, interesting resumés of the Battles of Hastings and Waterloo, lecturers in Applied Cosmology turning out hand-painted moustache-cups for neutrals with the motto " Hitler Is a Cad "—these are not enough to combat intensive enemy propaganda in this life-and-death struggle, in our mousy view. The Mongoose's appointment should be followed by that of a few Fleet Street astrologers, boys whom a thousand crashing purlers cannot daunt, accompanied by a few representative clairvoyantes, banshees, death-horses, trolls, and soothsayers, and augurs should kill a few fowls once a day, inspect their entrails, and report accordingly. Action ! Action ! is the cry. Then perhaps all those foreign Press correspondents wouldn't grouse so much at being called together and handed official news of the Rev. Timothy Teatime's induction to the living of King's Snoring, Beds. (and if you think we 're being whimsy, this sort of thing actually happened the other day).

Reprieve

TO the agreeable surprise of all British lovers of Italy—and who that knows Italy is not ?—the Fleet Street boys are perceptibly relaxing their dread severity against that country. It may be because Gracie Fields so obstinately loves Capri, or it may even be that the imbecility of what Mr. Chamberlain has bluntly described as " mid-summer madness "—the " sanctions " flop, he meant, that triumph of the Latinophobe Suburban Mind—has slowly become apparent even to Fleet Street. Whatever the reason, the change is gratifying. The Duce, even if you don't agree with some of his policy, is so obviously the leading statesman in Europe at the moment that acknowledgments of this fact are now popping up their tiny heads, like the first shy violets of Spring, in newspapers which have been either howling or sneering consistently at him and his friendly people for years past. We 're not among those who too hastily blame the newspaper boys. We 're sympathetic, up to a point. That instinctive fear and horror of dark lean Latin faces, often partially or even totally unshaven, that distaste for foreigners who speak a cock-eyed language ending in -o and -i, those sinister memories of the blackavised Borgias (alas, alas ! Poor dear little Lucrezia ! Most unhappy and most maligned of blondes !)—all this takes some getting over to begin with, you 'll admit, apart from everything else. However, the boys are manfully doing their best. Some day, maybe, we 'll be back where we were some years ago, when Italy was the second spiritual home of the Shakespeares and Spensers and Sidneys and Miltons, and the earthly paradise of all cultivated men, not to speak of Slogger Ruskin and Slogger Browning, whose cry of " Open my heart and you will see graved inside of it ' Italy ' ! " expresses what many British travellers feel who have dared the Mediterranean shore and braved the lurking stiletto and the ever-present poison draught.

Once (on the other hand) in Florence, where so many of the Island Race have retired from time to time, having left the Motherland by reason of a roving nature, or at the request of the Motherland's police, we met a British resident who, though England was fighting at that moment for her very life against Australia, expressed no interest whatsoever in the daily score or batting averages. " *Inglese italianato, diavole incarnato* "—how true the old Roman proverb is ! Let us beware of such frantic extremes.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Gentlemen, either my navigating officer's reckoning of our position as lat. 51·11 North, long. 1·49 West is wrong or we 're near the dangerous rocks at Stonehenge "

Films of the Day

"The Stars Look Down"

By George Campbell

I NEVER read *The Stars Look Down*. Consequently I saw the film without prejudice and can, I hope, assess it without the moanings of people who expect to find every character and incident remembered in the book. It seems to me terrific: not exactly a cheerful substitute for the Crazy Gang on dark winter nights, perhaps, but an absorbing, moving tale which does, in the conventional phrase, take you out of yourself, whereas many a light entertainment is so thin that you follow it with one half of your mind while meditating sombrely on the income-tax with the other.

Like all Dr. Cronin's stories, *The Stars Look Down* has enormous vitality. Doctors see life with the mask off, which may explain why so many of them, from Sir Thomas Browne to Sir Frederick Treves and Mr. Somerset Maugham, write with such power and penetration. Most characters in fiction are like the lady in the poem. They look all right from the front, and make sweet moan, if sweet moan is what you fancy; but a back view reveals that they are hollow. Dr. Cronin's characterisations are three-dimensional and solid. So are his mining backgrounds, the scene of his private practice — disillusioning, one suspects, and rather unhappy—before he took the plunge and gave up a safe and respected career for the uncertainties of fiction.

*"**Escape to Happiness**" is the story of an escape that never came off, ends with the great violinist, Leslie Howard (top), returning to his wife, Edna Best (see p. 154); after an outing to Europe with his favourite pupil, Ingrid Bergman (bottom). She gets left with her art. Our critic's opinion of this newest Hollywood find, and of the film (at the Gaumont), appears in this review*

PERHAPS the least impressive people in the story are the young lovers—the ambitious miner who wins a scholarship at Oxford, and the pretty, faithless little hussy who vamps him into marrying her when her shrewd bookmaking boy-friend walks out. Human and credible though they are, the author's interest in them seems perfunctory. The characters painted with a loving brush are the miner's wife, facing loneliness and the death of husband and son with the same Spartan fortitude; the greedy owner, complacently sending the miners to work a shaft behind which lies a million tons of water; the slick young scoundrel, Joe, robbing the butcher's till in a riot and so setting his foot on the ladder that rises to bookmaking and still higher things; and the happy-go-lucky footballer, unable to conceive of anything preventing his debut in the great match on Saturday, still cherishing dreams of goals and glory when Saturday has gone and death is very near.

They all have weaknesses; all, with the possible exception of Joe, have redeeming qualities; but the main thing is that they all live, to be carried along by the author's imaginative sweep to their predestined ends. It is by no means a happy story. The idealist loses his wife to the man he thought his friend, who doesn't even want her; his mother urges husband and son into the pit, to lose both; the mine-owner, tortured by remorse, dies of a stroke after the disaster. Only Joe, driving off in his expensive sports car after a night with the idealist's wife, continues to flourish.

Carol Reed, who made that remarkable little cross-section of London life, *Bank Holiday*, and the witty, fast-moving *A Girl Must Live*, has directed *The Stars Look Down* with a touch at once strong and subtle, imaginative and harshly real. The atmosphere and characterisation, skilfully developed in J. B. Williams's scenario, seemed to me faultless, and the tension in the disaster scenes, as the entombed men sing, joke, pray or sit silent, watching the end draw near, is quite painful. This, as I have said, is not everybody's idea of entertainment, but if Aristotle was right about its being tragedy's function to purge the soul through pity and terror, then here is a spiritual purgative indeed.

Nancy Price, as the miner's wife, grim and silent and enduring, sets the key to the whole production; Emlyn Williams gives a clever study of that rising young scoundrel, Joe; and Michael Redgrave and Margaret Lockwood make the most of the idealist and his wife. A dozen supporting roles are played brilliantly.

HOLLYWOOD has discovered a new glamour girl. Her name is Ingrid Bergman, and she is Danish. She makes her debut in *Escape to Happiness*, and if the film isn't much, Miss Bergman is

(Concluded on page 154)

"The Stars Look Down"

Coalmining in Leicester Square

Trapped: *the central drama of the film is the trapping of seven men below ground after a fall of rock, and the camera penetrates into their tomb to examine the reactions of each. Herewith Ivor Barnard as the religious reformer "Wept," George Carney as "Slogger" Gowland*

Emlyn Williams *has a part that suits him fine—that of Joe Gowland, unscrupulous young miner who robs a till and never looks back, rising through bookkeeping to ownership of the mine where he once worked*

Dr. A. J. Cronin's story of the mines has been transcribed to the screen by J. B. Williams, directed by Carol Reed. It is the very opposite, in matter and title, of the film illustrated opposite: here is no escape to happiness, but a sombre canvas of poverty, heroism, greed and death—a worthy film of the book. *The Stars Look Down*, reviewed opposite, is showing at the Odeon

Margaret Lockwood *doesn't show off any Bond Street models as Jenny, the girl who weds the young idealist; her dress here being typical of the integrity of the film. Left is Olga Lindo as her mother*

The Fenwicks *are the central family of the film: Michael Redgrave is the son who wins a scholarship to Oxford, Edward Rigby is the father, an old-timer, Nancy Price is the mother who eventually faces the loss of both her men* →

Lunch for Music-Lovers

Service and Customers at Lady Gater's National Gallery Canteen

Sandwiches *were being cut in one of the smaller galleries by Mrs. Richard Coit, her daughter Ruth, and Miss E. N. Goodman. Mrs. Coit is hon. treasurer of the canteen, which so far has averaged £25 a week profit, which is handed over to the Musicians' Benevolent Fund. Ruth Coit's grandfather is a celebrated American now living in London—Dr. Stanton Coit, president of the Ethical Church in Bayswater, and founder of the Moral Education League*

Founder *of the canteen is Lady Gater, wife of Brig.-Gen. Sir George Gater, formerly Clerk of the L.C.C. and now Joint Secretary of the Ministry of Home Security. She started the canteen soon after the lunch-time concerts at the National Gallery were inaugurated, to supply fresh-cut sandwiches, tea, and coffee to hungry music-lovers who were giving up their lunch hour to go to the concerts*

Regular customer *is Joyce Grenfell, who has hardly missed a concert in the series except on matinée days at the Little, where she is one of the stars of Mr. Farjeon's revue. She is a niece of Lady Astor's*

Staff lunch *is eaten by the canteen workers after the last member of the audience has lingeringly departed. Here are Mrs. Julian Huxley, Swiss wife of the biologist Secretary of the Zoo, and Mrs. Evelyn Verschoyle, formerly married to Derek Verschoyle, literary editor of the "Spectator"*

Tea-wagon *attendants are twin sisters Jean and Ann Venables, who play, respectively, the violin and violoncello. Their green overalls are a familiar feature for canteen habitués, as the sisters are on duty every day helping to prepare and serve the lunches*

Coffee urns *are the department of Lady Hamilton Grant and Mrs. Cecil Berens, who take great pride in their spotless shining charges. Lady Hamilton Grant has an apartment at Hampton Court Palace, is the widow of Sir Alfred Hamilton Grant, Bt., who was succeeded two years ago by his nine-year-old grandson*

Soon after the now-famous series of lunch-time concerts was inaugurated by Miss Myra Hess and Sir Kenneth Clark at the National Gallery, Lady Gater joined them as a public benefactor. She opened a canteen inside the National Gallery so that the music-hungry need no longer sacrifice food for art. Something like 1500 people a day take advantage of the service she provides, and the Musicians' Benevolent Fund, to which the canteen hands over its profits, has benefited to the extent of some £25 a week. The all-voluntary staff arrives soon after breakfast to prepare the tea and coffee urns, cut sandwiches (all made of brown bread with delicious home-made fillings), set out the hundreds of cups and saucers. The canteen opens its doors at noon

Coffee waitress *is overalled Cecilia Paget (one of the twin nieces of Major J. B. Paget), who was here returning a tray of empties*

Tea waitress *is Renée Burn, ready to serve the canteen's excellent Indian tea. She is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. R. Clive Burn. Her father is Secretary and Keeper of Records to the Duchy of Cornwall, and, in peace-time, one of Le Touquet's leading personalities*

Musician *Diana Harrison arrived for a concert with Osbert Sitwell's "Escape With Me" under her arm. She is a pianist and composer, has just finished a string quartet which she hopes is soon going to be played*

More customers *were Angus Menzies and Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal, who went to a concert together. All the concerts are very packed, and there are generally queues waiting for the doors to open, so latecomers are lucky to get within a room or two of the performers*

Store-cupboard *attendants are the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Egerton, Mrs. Cecil Lubbock and Mrs. James Whitehouse. Mrs. Egerton is Lord Parmoor's daughter, sister of Sir Stafford and Col. Freddy Cripps. Mrs. Lubbock is the wife of a Director of the Bank of England; her father was the late Ven. Charles Furse, Archdeacon of Westminster*

How Not to Smoke a Cigarette

An ex-actress nurse demonstrates to American women the faults of the smoker

***Exhaling** with lower lip protruded results in a smoke-screen before face of smoker: this is maybe unfortunate with pretty Miss Linden; but in many cases we are in favour of it*

***Blowing** is scouted by Florence Linden as ungraceful; nevertheless many smokers will revolt against condemnations of the tricks with smoke that are part of smoking's fun*

***Browning** fingers should be avoided. This is caused by smoke, not by contact with cigarette; consequently the burning end should always be higher than fingers*

***Stubbing** out cigarettes in places other than ash-trays is a bad habit; particularly in plates or saucers, as this befouls the washing-up water*

***Dancing** with tears in the eyes is often caused by the persistence of a smoker who will not exchange a partner for a cigarette, wants to have both*

Affectation with smokes is no better or worse than with anything else; but more frequent. Fancy holders, grimaces and gestures are a fault of many women smokers, says the demonstrator

Adhesion of the cigarette to the lower lip while talking produces an unpleasant effect with women, though well considered among errand-boys. Lick or lipstick will effect this

THESE pictures from (need we say?) America show the sort of thing a pretty young ex-actress nurse, Florence E. Linden, told American clubwomen not to do in a series of lectures on smoking etiquette sponsored by a tobacco company. Footnote to this is that statistics there show 90 per cent. of women over forty-five (the clubwoman type) do not smoke. The "Bystander" smoking etiquette board wishes to add to Miss Linden's don'ts: continuous nervous tapping of cigarette over ash-tray (or elsewhere); leaving unextinguished stub in ash-tray (or elsewhere); carrying half-smoked cigarettes behind the ear (or elsewhere)

Lighting is one of the most important social actions of smoking, many men making the mistake of holding the flame too low. The woman then bends forward and singes her eyelashes or even hair. Flame should be held level with tip of nose

Puffing smoke into your vis-à-vis' face is condemned by Miss Linden, who, apart from demonstrating in her lectures to American clubwomen, does not smoke. The series were aimed by the sponsors at breaking down men's opposition to women smokers and consequent increased tobacco consumption

Family Album

Mrs. Robin Wilson and Her Children in Leicestershire

While her husband is in the Army somewhere in England, Mrs. Robin Wilson is at their Leicestershire home with their son and her daughter. Great Bowden is a modern hunting-box at Market Harborough, where the countries of the Pytchley, the Woodland Pytchley and the Fernie meet. Mrs. Wilson was Patricia Richards before her first marriage in 1932, when she was seventeen, to the Earl of Jersey, is the daughter of Kenneth Richards, of Cootamundra, N.S.W. In 1937 she divorced Lord Jersey, and in September of the same year married Robin Filmer Wilson, who is a banker in peacetime

Lady Caroline Child-Villiers is Mrs. Wilson's daughter by her first marriage, and Lord Jersey's only child. She will be six this year. James Wilson (with the hairbrush) is the Robin Wilsons' sturdy year-old son

Photographs by Swaebe

Mother and stepbrother watch anxiously as the pony proves its neck stronger than its small rider's arms, and Lady Caroline Child-Villiers nearly falls over its head

Order is restored: the young lady regains her poise and dignity, the pony looks sulky, James looks elsewhere, and the photograph is taken as intended

Preparing to Travel

Rosita Forbes Packs Up Again, This Time for a Canadian Lecture Tour

Telling tradesmen she wants to settle their accounts right away

This incorrigible traveller started her career twenty-five years ago by driving an ambulance for the French Société de Secours aux Blessés Militaires and winning two medals. War work over, she began in real earnest by going round the world, mostly on tramp steamer, foot and horseback. From then on the record of her travels and adventures fills a printed page, high lights being her expedition, disguised as an Egyptian woman, to Kufra, her exploration, disguised as an Arab woman, of Asir and Yemen, her two interviews with Hitler in 1933, her journey from India to Moscow by the "Forbidden Road." She has published nearly a score of books, besides writing articles and giving innumerable lectures. She has met Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini, Goering, Grandi, Voroshilov, the heads of State of Belgium, Holland, Bulgaria, Greece, Turkey, Persia, among other important people. When she told Hitler she was going to write about Russia he said, "There can be nothing good in Russia, and if there is anything good, it is treachery to civilisation to write about it." Rosita Forbes is Lincolnshire-born, married first a Scotsman from Aberdeenshire whom she divorced but whose name she still uses, and then an Irishman from Co. Clare, Colonel Arthur McGrath

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Packing her heavy luggage

Rosita Forbes leaves shortly to lecture for the National Council of Education of Canada. Among her subjects are "Eight Republics in Search of a Future" and "Forbidden Road—Kabul to Samarkand," which are titles of her 1933 and 1937 books. From Canada she goes to Nassau to lecture for the Red Cross, flies on to Eleuthera, a Bahaman island on which she is building a house (see below), then flies home. She is publishing a book this year called *A Unicorn in the Bahamas*, and Hutchinson's have the MS. of another called *These Men I Knew*

Studying plans for her Bahaman house

More Fragments from France : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"I say, don't even breathe the name of this place to anybody. Not a soul knows it's H.Q."

"Bystander" Short Story

Impotence

By Josephine Blumenfeld

Illustration by Kramer

ANOTHER day has passed. Warm and relaxed in bed I can review it carefully. It seems a great time since this morning, when I said to myself: "To-day, my dearest, we are going to do things properly; we are going to finish what we start; we are going to be calm and quiet; we are going to concentrate."

When I am talking to myself, I always call myself "dearest"—not because I am very fond of myself, but I think it sounds friendly, and I like to be on good terms with me. I like to be on good terms with everyone; and that is where I fall down, because there are many people who would respect me far more if I fought them. The gardener would, for one; Gordon, my husband, would, for another; so would Mrs. Wakefield, the cook, and Ellen, the parlour-maid. But I can't fight, I'm not made that way, and they look on me with scorn.

You see, it is very difficult for me, because I am not a fundamentally silly woman. If I were, it would be easy, I would be unaware of my inability to carry things out. I would trot about the world smiling at my own fecklessness; other people would take me as a joke, and do things for me as they do for helpless, silly women. But I am not like that at all. When people meet me for the first time, they think I am intelligent, capable, and full of purpose. I talk well of all the things I intend to do, and of course they are not to know that I never shall do them, or if I tried they would be a failure. I talk of my house as if it were run to perfection. Of my seed-bed and greenhouse, where I rear all my herbaceous-border stock; of what use I am to my husband with his work, and display a great knowledge of dogs with eczema, and the tapestry-work I am doing for my new stool I picked up in a sale-room off the Fulham Road. It all sounds fine.

I am rather pretty, with fair hair and big brown eyes. I look very young, and they think what an enchanting, talented woman I must be. If they only knew! If they could only see the seed-bed and herbaceous borders, shrouded in nettles as they always are, in spite of my efforts to weed them; the agonies I go through with servants, trying to get them to do the things I always forget to tell them; the dogs which are always scratching because I have not yet got that wonderful ointment I talked so much about; the awful bit of tapestry which is pulled into a knotted peak in the middle, with all the different pieces of coloured wool strands lying all over the house.

These are only a few of the things I cannot do.

I have taken to making notes in bed last thing, so as to be able to remember to carry them out the next day. Now and again this works wonders, and I go conscientiously through the list getting things done, but more often than not I lose the list and spend the best part of my morning looking for it. By that time, of course, I can remember nothing of what I intended to do.

In the evenings, Gordon comes in and says: "Well, how are things?"

I know quite well what he means by "things" when directed at me and in that tone of voice, but I try to pretend he just wants to know what sort of a day I have had, so I say: "Wonderful, darling. And you?" And instead of being nice and light-hearted and having a drink and pretending we have not been married for four years, he says at once: "Has the bulb been put in the study lamp? Did you order that new magazine I asked you to get? Did you take the dogs to the vet.?" and so on; reeling off a terrifying list of things which he knows perfectly well I haven't done.

Then, of course, comes the confession, intermingled with excuses, which he overrules at once by saying: "It beats me what you do all day. If I forgot half the things you forgot in my office, we would be starving by now—starving, did you hear? Literally starving."

All this, of course, puts him into a bad mood for the evening. I haven't answered back, so he hasn't had the opportunity to lose his temper, which simmers all through dinner and into the drawing-room afterwards, where he watches me from behind his newspaper struggling with my horrid bit of tapestry for that awful old stool I bought off the Fulham Road.

I often wonder if he loves me still. I think he does when we go out to dinner, when my hair has just been done, and he hears me talking gaily to some perfect stranger about travelling or gardening; then I think he is really rather proud of me, but by the time we have got home it has worn off, because something has always gone wrong—either the maids have taken away the evening paper, or his hot-water bottle is lukewarm, or they have forgotten to put out the whisky, or we find there isn't any soda, and then that awful look of scorn comes back into his face, and he goes off silently like a hedgehog to his own room, without saying good-night.

I try so hard with him, as I do with everything else, but it all goes wrong. I say to myself: "Now don't, whatever you do, dearest, ask Gordon where he lunched to-day, because you know it annoys him," then the first thing I say is: "Hello, Gordon, where did you lunch to-day?"; and, of course, he looks like thunder; then I have to try to think of something else.

He sounds horrid, doesn't he, the way I describe him? But he isn't really, and handled by some other woman but me he would be delightful, because he is tall and dark, looks rather like a doctor, has awfully nice ears, a charming voice, and can really be very amusing. It's just that he likes things done in an orderly way.

(*Concluded on page 146*)

Impotence

(Continued from page 145)

I have broken so many things in the house that he has given up buying me anything. When we were first married, if I broke a glass or Chinese horse, he thought it amusing. "She simply can't touch anything without breaking it!" he would say to friends. "She will cost me a fortune before I have finished with her!" And he would bring me back something to console me, and ask me with an amused twinkle in his eye: "Well, what's been smashed to-day?"

But now I would rather die than tell him of my breakages. I have a hole at the top of the garden where all the pieces go; only the gardener knows where that hole is; he knows, too, that if ever he told anyone I really *would* sack him. He respects me for that hole, which is something.

It is all very unsatisfactory and it worries me. Each day I say to myself: "To-day will be better. I will really get down to doing whatever I have to do, properly. I will do it slowly and with concentration. I will not get cross or hot or excited, and when I pick up anything, I will do it with both hands, and not think of anything else at the same time." But it doesn't work.

Take to-day, for instance. I woke fresh, happy and full of good intentions. My little list was by my side. The sun was shining; the warm air through my bedroom window was an invitation to the garden in itself. I rushed to the bathroom, burst open the door, and found Gordon lying like a pink dreadnought in the green bath. In a flash I knew I had annoyed him, because I had not knocked, and because I had come in. He likes to have his bath to himself. He thinks in his bath, he tells me.

I murmured something about "coming back later." I heard a low, "Oh, God!" from the steam, and I rushed out again, leaving the door open. He called me back to shut it; I rushed back. Just then the telephone rang. I ran back to the room and took up the receiver. I was very out of breath. It was the fishmonger wanting to know what I wanted. I said: "I haven't the slightest idea," then, quickly recalling my intention for the day, said, "I will ring you again in half an hour and give an order."

The parlour-maid knocked on the door and said the cleaners had called; was there anything to go? I said: "No, nothing," then later remembered that Gordon had said he wanted his dinner-jacket pressed.

I hurried out on to the landing, but she had gone down. I rushed up to my room to ring the bell, and collided with Gordon, who had just come out of the bathroom. By the time the parlour-maid came up again the cleaners' man had gone.

While I had my bath I tried to remember to ring the cleaners and the fishmonger, and ask Gordon if we would be in for dinner.

It was lovely in the bath. I lay and dreamed of all sorts of things which have nothing to do with daily life. By the time I came out, Gordon was just slamming the front door.

I called to him from the window: "Will we be in for dinner?" but he had started the engine of the car, and he didn't hear.

I rushed downstairs and out to the front door, but he had just disappeared round the corner. I went upstairs with heavy feet. I must remember to ring up the fishmonger, the cleaners and Gordon.

I was tired already, and half the early morning zest for life had worn away. I would like to have ordered some hot coffee, but it meant ringing the bell again, and I can't bear the parlour-maid's face.

I dressed slowly, partly because I was tired, partly because I wanted to look neat and clean for the cook. She was peeling potatoes, and had to dry her hands before she could attend to my daily orders.

"Well, Mrs. Wakefield," I said brightly, "and what are we going to have for lunch to-day?"

She glared at me with scorn and said: "That is for you to say, madam."

Yes, of course it was for me to say, but I couldn't think of anything for lunch. For a long time I sucked the end of a pencil as though deep in thought, but my mind was a blank. At last I said: "What about some cutlets? I think that would be nice, don't you?"

Her look was indescribable. "We had cutlets yesterday, madam," she said, and sighed.

After a while we decided on an adequate lunch and, relieved, I got up to go, but Mrs. Wakefield always wants her money's-worth.

"And will there be any dinner, madam?" she asked.

Then I remembered that I must ring up Gordon. I said I would let her know; then the telephone rang again. It was the fishmonger. He wanted to know if I had decided on any fish or game, as his boy was just leaving for the rounds. I said I was so sorry, but I didn't know yet. That reminded me of the cleaners. I dialled the cleaners. A voice interrupted me—asked if I would take a country call. I said I would, and heard a strange voice the other end say: "Is that you, Bertie? Is that you, Bertie? . . . Bertie, it's Nancy here . . . can you hear me?"

I slammed Nancy and Bertie down and went to find my gardening-gloves. They were not in the usual cupboard. I asked the parlour-maid what she had done with them, and she said she didn't know I had any.

I walked up to the seed-bed without them. When I got there, I had to go all the way back to the house for my apron. The nettles had grown overnight. It was impossible to see the seedlings. Each time I pulled up a nettle I stung my fingers and uprooted six seedlings. The earth was damp, and the stones hurt my knees, but I had decided to weed, and weed I would for two hours, if not more. "If a job's worth doing, it's worth doing well," I told myself, when the parlour-maid appeared round the hedge and said my sister wanted me on the telephone. I tried to look annoyed, but I am sure she could see with what zest I ran away from those nettles into the house.

Was I busy, my sister wanted to know. I? Good heavens, no, I hadn't a thing to do. Of course I would meet her—yes, for lunch—yes, under the clock in Piccadilly at one.

She rang off. Had she said under the clock in Sloane Street or Piccadilly? I couldn't remember. How silly of me! It was usually in Sloane Street we met, but I could have sworn she said Piccadilly. I would get through to her house; it would be a two-shilling call. Gordon would call it an extravagance, but after all I must know.

I remembered to go and do the dogs' backs with ointment. The dogs had gone out. I whistled and shouted; the dogs were not there.

I rang my sister. She had just that minute left. If I wanted to be there by one I must dress. I dressed and got into the car. I had gone three miles when something made me look at my feet, they felt too warm and soft to be right. With horror I saw I still had on my bedroom slippers. How furious Gordon would have been. I thanked God I was alone, and drove back to change.

The dogs were waiting for me with bare backs at the gate. I looked at them pityingly. "You missed your chance," my look seemed to say, but I patted them and said: "Mother will do backs when she gets home."

My sister was not under the clock in Sloane Street, so I drove to Piccadilly, to find her simmering with rage, just like Gordon. "Why can't you ever be in time for anything?" she gasped.

I explained about Sloane Street and the bedroom slippers, but she was too far gone to forgive, and we had a lunch steeped in resentment. After that we had a fruitless afternoon's shopping, and she left me, saying the whole expedition had been rank waste of time and money.

I raced back so as to get home before Gordon and make the house nice and warm for him; but he was sitting in the drawing-room before a newly-lit fire staring at the dogs' backs. He said: "They are getting on well, aren't they? Rawer every day. Such fun for the dogs." I tried to explain how I had been out all day, but he picked up his paper and with a shrug of his shoulders said: "Why should you care? It isn't your back."

After dinner I looked everywhere for the ointment, but I couldn't find it. I tried to do my tapestry, but I couldn't find the needle. I didn't dare ask Gordon if he was sitting on it, so I said I had a headache and came up to bed.

I am in bed now. By my side is my little notebook. Downstairs Gordon is simmering.

It has been another unsatisfactory day. I can see Gordon's point of view. What a pity it is he can't see mine. Inefficient; unreliable; flurrying; an ineffective mass of human electricity: I know it all. Somewhere there must be a "short."

Pray God to-morrow will be a better day.

THE END.

On Active Service

Rumours that it will soon be difficult, if not impossible, to obtain really good woollen materials are now becoming very definite facts. So the cashmere coat below, from Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, will soon have a "scarcity value," apart from its own obvious merits. It is made in two shades of brown, colours as soft as the fabric itself, cut with a full, deep-pleated skirt and two pockets in the front panels. A grand coat for a busy woman, which nowadays means practically everyone, as it is right for so many occasions

Bright, clear colours are appearing in all the spring collections, and Jaeger, 204, Regent Street, have some particularly successful contrasts. This cycling suit, more important for many women now than a motor-coat, is in vermilion jersey, worn over a grey-blue shirt. For golf they suggest a grey, chalk-striped suit, the fitted jacket made with an emerald knitted back and sleeves. And for spring mornings in town, a grey jacket is overchecked with broad stripes in yellow, red and hyacinth-blue

Encourage letter-writing by sending your friends this Service writing-case, 35/-, from Asprey, of Bond Street. In pigskin, it closes tightly with a sliding fastener, holds quite bulky papers, and stands up to more than average wear and tear. For the same price they have a useful Service canteen, consisting of a thermos and sandwich-box in a leather case with a satchel strap

The "Bystander" in 1916

Found in a French billet, 1940

This was the "Bystander," in good condition but minus cover, found by Private Grain

Into our publishing department, who hold the St. Bride Street fort beneath four floors of silent, evacuated offices, walked last week Private Grain, R.A.O.C., on leave from France. Under his arm was a copy of the "Bystander" dated April 12, 1916, which he had found tucked into the rafters of the barn where he was billeted behind the Western Front. That "Bystander" had found its way to a front swaying in the second phase of the battle of Verdun: Pétain had announced the week before "the 9th April [1916] was a glorious day for our armies. Courage. On les aura!" We reproduce from it here, using current captions

• FASHIONS IN 1916

"Smart but useful knitted coats for Easter," price 84/-, from Debenham & Freebody

• NEUTRALITY IN 1916

The Trio: "It doesn't seem to be much protection, does it?"

• THE PASSING HOUR IN 1916: WAR EFFORT, PROPAGANDA, MUSIC

"The Duration of the War": As to that classic phrase, unless we propose to accept the war as a permanent institution, the sooner we make up our minds to give up everything to it, whether on railway tickets or out of reserved occupations, without grumbling, the sooner we shall begin to see signs of a limit to it

Entertainment: Wonder of wonders in wartime—actually a Beecham grand opera season. And you know what that means—esoteric society in rows and in wonderful frocks and pearls and head-dresses, and the very last whispers in Russian music, all "presented" by the rich and rare Sir Thomas, whose amusing conducting is worth all the money for your stall

Nobbling the Neutrals: It is all very well for our authorities to declare, after a fantastic German announcement of great success, that the enemy claim is not true; but the dismal fact remains that the German version has reached neutral countries first. . . . Take the case of the Zeppelin visits. Germany flung the neutral world into a panic of fear by her statement that in a recent raid her Zeppelins smashed the London docks and arsenals, broke up the Clyde for ever, and put the British Isles into a state of terror from which they are not expected to recover. And our way of parrying the deadly thrust is to announce in coldly formal terms that the Zeppelins have done no military damage whatever

• BAIRNSFATHER IN 1916

No. 99988 Private Blobs (on sentry go) feels that he has at last stumbled across the true explanation of that somewhat cryptic expression, "There'll be dirty work at the cross roads to-night"

• ENTERTAINMENTS IN 1916

EMPIRE. "FOLLOW THE CROWD."
ETHEL LEVEY, ROBERT HALE, JOSEPH COYNE,
Fay Compton, Tom Walls, B. Tomlin, V. Englefield, Lupino Lane, etc.
Evenings, 8.10. Matinees, Wednesdays and Saturdays, 2.15.

COLISEUM. At 2.30 and 8 p.m.
SARAH BERNHARDT in "Une D'Elles, Raymond Rore's Co. in "ARABESQUE," FLORENCE SMITHSON, ODETTE MYRTIL, FRED LINDSAY, HYMACK, GOULD & ASHLYN, etc. Gerrard 7541.

LONDON HIPPODROME. Twice daily, at 2.30 and 8.30 p.m.
"JOY-LAND!"
Entirely New Revue by ALBERT DE COURVILLE and WAL PINK
SHIRLEY KELLOGG, HARRY TATE, YETTA RIANZA, BERTRAM WALLIS, CHARLES BERKELEY, EDNA MORGAN, etc., and Super-Beauty Chorus.

PALLADIUM. ARGYLL STREET, W
Managing Director, MR. CHARLES GULLIVER.
Always the best Variety Entertainment in London.
Three Performances Daily
2.30 6.10 9.0
Programme—
Clarice Mayne & "That," Ruth Vincent, Hetty King, Jack Norworth, Geo. Mozart, Daisy Dorner, Jay Laurier, Phil Ray, De Marest, Smarte Bros., Tom Wong Troupe.

ADELPHI. (184th performance.) A New Musical Play "TINA"
Every Evening, at 8. Matinees, Weds. and Sats. at 2
GODFREY TEARLE—PHYLLIS DARE—W. H. BERRY
Don't you know "EVE" [of "The Tatler"]. Tels. 2645 and 8086 Ger

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.
Arthur Collins Presents
D. W. Griffith's Mighty Spectacle
"THE BIRTH OF A NATION."
"Worthy of the Best Traditions of Old Drury."
Twice Daily at 2.30 and 8 p.m. Box Office always open.
Prices 7s.6d. to 1l. Tel. Gerrard 2588

ST. JAMES'S. "THE BASKER."
By CLIFFORD MILLS. LAST WEEKS.
Matinée, Every Day, at 2.30, and Saturday Evening only, at 8.15.
GEORGE ALEXANDER and GENEVIEVE WARD

The "Bystander" visits

The Portuguese Embassy

The Ambassador, *Dr. Armindo Monteiro, has been at the Court of St. James since 1937. He is not only a representative of his country, but has been a key man in its administration. Under-Secretary for Finance, Colonial Minister (1930-35), Foreign Minister (1935-36). He was elected one of the three Councillors of State in 1933 for life, is now only forty-two*

The Ambassadress, *Dona Lucia de Sttau Monteiro, is seen in the hall of the residence, beneath the arms of the republic, between modern Portuguese wrought-iron gates. She is the daughter of Senhor Camilo Infanta de la Cerda*

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

The Embassy at 11, Belgrave Square, *represents the Atlantic republic whose ties of friendship with England are one of the traditions of its policy. Here are the Ambassador and his staff: (l. to r.) Major Artur Mendes de Magalhães, Military Attaché; Senhor Antonio Potier, Third Secretary; Senhor Henrique Caldeira Queroz, Second Secretary; H. E. Dr. Armindo Monteiro, the Ambassador; and Senhor Antonio de Faria, Counsellor*

Warm-You-Up Department . . .

Some Anti-Freeze Methods

Brazier: *in peace-time pictures the brazier generally magnetises shivering race-goers at steeplechase and point-to-point meetings. Its war work is to de-ice the fingers and toes, as here, of Civil Defence personnel. These three young ambulance drivers were taking part in an inter-regional mutual support A.R.P. ambulance exercise held at Chatham. Medway towns were presumed devastated by air raids and London A.R.P. units were called in to help, sending 200 vehicles, including fire-pumps, ambulances, rescue-party cars, and over 900 members of their staffs*

Windproof suits *of double Grenfell cloth are uniforms for members of the W.T.S. (F.A.N.Y.) ambulance unit that is going to Finland. Against the sub-zero cold they wear two sets of men's woollen underclothing, heavy wool socks, eight-ply wool sweater, then the ski-suit, then hood, more socks, sheepskin boots, flying helmet, anti-glare goggles, woollen and sheepskin mitts*

Tea: *three mobile Y.M.C.A. canteens have been sent to warm up the Canadian troops at Aldershot. Major-General A. G. L. McNaughton, scientist-soldier C.-in-C. of the Canadian forces (centre), drank one of the first mugs of tea, surrounded by enthusiastically imbibing members of his staff and Y.M.C.A. officials*

Furs: *Father Christmas on the right is a Lapp peasant in his ordinary winter dress and turned-up boots. He was asking for the latest news from a Finnish guard behind the far northern front*

Wedding of the Week

Mr. Michael Menzies and Miss Kay Stammers

Michael Menzies, newly commissioned officer in the Welsh Guards, married Katharine Esther Stammers, Great Britain's prettiest lawn tennis player, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, last Wednesday. He is the younger son of the late F. Graham Menzies, and Mrs. Menzies, of 37, Chesham Place (where the reception was held); she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Stammers, of Wood Walk, St. Albans. Kay Stammers, though the best known lawn tennis player of this country, has never won the All-England championship. But she has done most to combat the American invasion of Wimbledon; and her record includes twice British hard-court champion, twice doubles champion at Wimbledon, once French doubles champion. She reached the Wimbledon final last year for the first time. Out of a large number of distinguished guests at her wedding we have picked four (below)

Fayer

Miss Stammers wore oyster pink, carried orchids and lilies of the valley

R. J. Ritchie, now a 2nd Lt. in the Gunners, and Elizabeth Cowell, now back at the B.B.C., were two guests at St. Peter's

Mrs. Charles Sweeny came well wrapped in furs, including her hat

Mrs. Strawson, international lawn tennis player, wore monkey fur

Heaton — Farmar

At St. Mark's, Natland, Lt. Richard Edward Heaton, Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry, second son of Lt.-Col. John Heaton and Mrs. Heaton, of Prizet, Kendal, married Wanda Muriel Farmar, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Farmar, of 27, Allington Road, N.W.4

Haines — Reynell

Lieut. Reginald Gregory Haines, R.N., elder son of the late Dr. Haines, D.D., and Mrs. Haines, of Meadowleigh, Petersfield, Hants., and Eugénie Marion Reynell, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Reynell, of Shanghai, were married at the King's Chapel of the Savoy

Meinertzhagen — Macnamara

Luke Meinertzhagen, second son of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Meinertzhagen, of Theberton House, Leiston, Suffolk, and Sheila Macnamara, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Neil Macnamara, of 20, Grosvenor Square, W.1, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Pickering — Postlethwaite

Lieut. Lawrence Seymour Cary Pickering, Royal Marines, younger son of Col. and Mrs. C. J. Pickering, of Fawley Lodge, Henley-on-Thames, and Nancy Desmond Postlethwaite, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. P. Postlethwaite, of Woodside, Pilgrim's Way, Guildford, Surrey, were married at St. Mary's, Shalford, Surrey. Mr. Postlethwaite is Deputy Food Officer, London Division

Rogers — Kivu

An Anglo-Rumanian wedding was that of Sub.-Lieut. (A.) G. V. Rogers, R.N.V.R., only son of F. V. Rogers and Mrs. Rogers, of 68, Prince's Square, W.2, and Olga Kivu, only daughter of N. Kivu and Mrs. Kivu, of Bucharest, who were married at St. Sophia's Cathedral, Bayswater

Van der Byl — Croker

Lt.-Com. Voltelin James H. van der Byl, R.N., son of Col. and Mrs. V. A. W. van der Byl, of Cape Town, South Africa, and Yvonne Croker, only child of Eng. Captain and Mrs. G. F. Croker, of Quartertown, Fareham, Hants., were married at St. Thomas's Cathedral, Portsmouth

Elderton — Talbot-Crosbie

Pilot Officer Charles Elderton, R.A.F., son of the late Lt.-Col. Murray Elderton, and Mrs. Elderton, of White Way, North Cerney, Glos., and Viola Talbot-Crosbie, daughter of Mrs. Olga Talbot-Crosbie, and granddaughter of the late Lindsey Talbot-Crosbie, of Ardfert Abbey, Co. Kerry, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Boycott — Edgar

John M. Boycott, youngest son of the late Harold Boycott, and Mrs. Boycott, of Sharnbrook, Beds., and Elizabeth Edgar, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Edgar, of the Oaks, Ashstead, Surrey, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

John Tonge Anthony Pellew Addington, eldest son of Major the Hon. Raymond and Mrs. Addington, of Highway Manor, Calne, Wilts., and nephew of Viscount Sidmouth, to whom his father is heir-presumptive, and Barbara Mary Angela Rochford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Rochford, of Rosemount, Sunningdale, Berks., were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

Addington — Rochford

Keswick — Elwes

John Keswick and Clare Elwes, younger daughter of the late Gervase Elwes, the singer, and Lady Winefride Elwes, of 31, Walpole Street, S.W.3, and niece of the late Earl of Denbigh, were married in the Lady Chapel, Westminster Cathedral. He is the youngest son of the late Major Henry Keswick, and Mrs. Keswick, of Cowhill Tower, Dumfries

Colin Hercules Mackenzie and Evelyn Clodagh Meade were married at Chelsea Old Church. He is the only son of Major-Gen. Sir Colin and Lady Mackenzie. She is the daughter of Mr. Charles and Lady Aileen Meade, of Pen y Lan, Meifod, Montgomeryshire, and granddaughter of the Earl of Midleton

Mackenzie — Meade

Wood — Sumner

Lieut.-Col. Alexander Lyttelton Wood, M.C., T.D., R.A., younger son of the late A. E. Wood, and Mrs. Wood, of Faintree Hall, Bridgnorth, Shropshire, and Evelyn Jean Sumner, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hugh Sumner, of Rashwood Court, Droitwich, Worcs., were married at Wychbold Parish Church, Droitwich

Lawrence — Pether

Sir William Lawrence, Bt., son of the late Sir William Lawrence, and Lady Lawrence, of Riverdale, Dorking, Surrey, and Zoë Pether, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Pether, of Grazeley House, Iffley, Oxford, were married in New College Chapel, Oxford

Aske — Ackerley

Robert Edward Aske, younger son of Sir Robert Aske, Bt., K.C., M.P., of Clevehurst, Weybridge, Surrey, and Joan Bingham Ackerley, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Bingham Ackerley, of White Lodge, Cobham, Surrey, were married at St. Mary's, Stoke d'Abernon, Surrey

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Shirty 'Thirties

By V. S. Pritchett

WHAT is wrong with English satire? Why is its bite even less harmful than its bark? Gentility and gentlemanliness are obviously part of the trouble. There is nothing in the manners of contemporary satire which would not be passed by the committee of your club. This is not a plea for obscenity. In that we are doing very nicely, thank you, nowadays. It is a plea for Style. Satire to-day is done in words which neither savage, bark nor bite. They simply lick and appease you.

It is because he has made some pungent Style out of the dreadful patter of associations, half-literary, half-slogan, going on at the backs of our minds that I find Mr. Sherard Vines an entertaining sorehead. All who enjoy being annoyed and who wish to be refreshed by the horrors of the A roads, the provincial pub-crawls, the petting parties, instalment plans and rowdy political gear-changing of the shirty 'thirties should read *Green to Amber* (Cape; 8*s.* 3*d.*). The people of Rumpingham are proper candidates for Sir John Squire's revised Spoon River Anthology:

> At last, incapable of further harm,
> The lewd forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

For hamlet read ribbon development. Rumpingham "made wireless, artificial stockings, Vita-Enzyme (Are you a Krispy Kid? on Luxembourg), Wufflets, the *complete* Dog Food, with pathetic zinc-cuts of soppy-faced Aberdeens sitting up postulant, wilting your heart." There are sandhills, "a scrap of feverish South Surrey dropped on the other side of London. . . . We were never quite sure whether it was a buzzard or bustard that Colonel Gobbern shot on these hills." "Welwyn," says Comrade Haligast, the backsliding Communist, as he speeds southwards. "Welwyn. Shredded Wheat. We're getting on." That is Mr. Vines' note. We then meet the Rumpingham "crowd." The tailor's pay-way system has introduced dinner-jackets to the Bowls Club "hop"; everyone says "definitely" and adds "fairly pullulating" and the "gang" have rhyming nicknames. Cyril the Squirrel, with a bad inside due to devotion to the slogan. "Beer is Best," and curing himself on strong tea mixed with bicarbonate of soda, is married to Wanda the Panda; and there are Samuel the Camuel, Meta the Cheetah and Dynah the Mynah. This cheerful set are "just down from Oxford on the new theory of 'try M.A.s in commerce' with their merry wives and winsomes."

It is an age martyred to fear and slogans. Mr. Vines samples it at all levels. There is Uncle Percy, who blackmails local lovers, there are Gwen and Zuzu, folk-singing Chelsea girls, and Trissie (such a sport), the tough daughter of eminent Edwardians, and Peggy, newspaper student, who runs round to Auntie: "Oh, Auntie, whatever do you think? Ireen's gone and got herself in a certain condition." And there is poor Mr. Faggs, who wanted a wife and a home where he could quietly sulk, but who was always too cautious when it came to the point and so fell back on buying a dog which nobody liked and wondered if he would go on a cruise and let himself go. Mr. Vines is virulently exact, festive, venomous, jumping about from character to character with zest and skill and a good deal of comic allusion. I don't know that this is a book one can finish, and it is jammed so tight with parenthetical cleverness that one doesn't move very much, but it is a book you can pick up anywhere and start grinning at, as he tears limb from limb.

MR. R. S. (MONGOOSE) LAMBERT, in *Ariel and All his Quality* (Gollancz; 10*s.* 6*d.*), has done an awkward mixture of personality gossip and serious analysis of his time at the B.B.C. The best anecdote is his account of his interview with Sir John Reith, an expert showman, whose first question was "Do you accept the fundamental teachings of Jesus Christ?" It does not strike me that Sir John's questions were as unfruitful as Mr. Lambert thinks they were. The most serious part of the book is an examination of that illiberal paternalism which led to the so-called mongoose case. Mr. Lambert I should describe as a difficult and evasive Liberal idealist, an uncertain but obstinate and courageous man whose lawsuit fortunately caused Mr. Justice Swift to make some important statements about individual liberty. Fortunately, because the position of the individual working in a large organisation and who has too much spirit to be a yes-man, becomes increasingly difficult. The stagnancy of the B.B.C. talks after Miss Hilda Matheson's departure, its dislike of criticism and the quiet, almost but not quite unconscious uncensorship that went on, before the war introduced the new era of straight propaganda, are ably analysed. But the B.B.C. merely reflected the panic and love of unreality characterising the period which culminated in Appeasement. Most of the best ideas, like the best books of the period, were of the kind that were only too prophetic of the present break-up, and I suppose it was asking too much of the clubs or the pubs to like one or t'other. It was Mr. Galsworthy's Soames Forsyte who became very gloomy about the future when he saw English people "facing the facts"; and only felt happy when we were up to our usual practice of not letting our right hand know what our left was up to.

MISS AGNES KEITH is an American lady married to a British official in North Borneo, one of those Americans who flatter us by liking all those very English things which (quite insincerely) we think ridiculous. *Land Below the Wind* (Michael Joseph; 12*s.* 6*d.*) is a most unusually amusing and unconventional book about her life in the Maugham country. Here is the clothes problem:

> The second year of residence here a woman begins to wear her uniform. This is the dress the Chinese Tailor copies for her after the style which she brought out from home. This uniform goes through various editions in local cottons, the editions corresponding to the number of years before her next home leave arrives. By that time she is so wedded to the style that it may endure a lifetime. I started on culottes two years ago, and am now standardised in them. They are known here as "Mrs. Keith's culottes," and I imagine my tailor issues licences to other users.

In her stories of the natives, her journeys about the islands and her portrait of her husband and herself and their agreeable way of life Mrs. Keith is delightfully intelligent and ironical, and her drawings, which illustrate the book, are excellent. Among other things she took down a native's impression of America. Seeing light everywhere he asked "Is this morning?" And they said "No. This is New York."

Films of the Day

(Continued from page 136)

semi-colossal. Fashions in glamour have changed. Five years ago Hollywood would have dieted the poor creature to a shadow, dyed her hair, changed her teeth, remodelled her nose, plucked her brows and painted a couple of lines curving upward, Mephistophelean fashion, on the black canvas. In the end they would have spent a million dollars on a wench indistinguishable from a hundred others.

I'm happy to say that Miss Bergman looks very much as nature made her—a tallish, healthy, reasonably smart but not over-groomed young person that any nice young man might hope to run into, on his lucky day, at the Eton and Harrow match. Add that she talks with a delightful accent and acts with touching sincerity and charm, and you have a picture of the most agreeable discovery for ages.

Violinist's family: *the son is Douglas Scott, the mother Edna Best, and they have been deserted by paterfamilias Leslie Howard (see page 136). It all happens in "Escape to Happiness" (Gaumont), reviewed here*

MAURICE CHEVALIER, once the most adored actor in the world, is now perhaps the most underrated. In *Pièges*, the first film at a brand-new cinema in Oxford Street, he makes a come-back. He sings "Mon Amour" and a crying song with his old irresistible verve, philanders prettily, and winds up with a dramatic study of a man convicted of a series of murders he did not commit.

Six Engagements

Harlip

Miss Barbara Jameson

John L. Hislop, the G.R., and Barbara Jameson, who owns several racehorses in Ireland, are engaged. He is the son of the late Major Arthur Hislop, and Mrs. Hislop, of Carnock House, Gerrards Cross, Bucks. She is the only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. Bland Jameson, of Atners Tower, Stockbridge, Hants.

Harlip

Miss Joyce Jesse Brown

Joyce Jesse Brown is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Brown, of Grosvenor House, W.1. She is engaged to Sergeant Peter Bois, R.A.F.V.R., only son of the late Sir Stanley Bois, and Lady Bois, of Littlecroft, Farnham, Surrey

Lenare

Miss Ann Miller

Ann Miller is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clive Miller, of 42, Lowndes Square, S.W.1. She announced her engagement early in January to George David Meyrick, 9th Lancers, only son of Sir George Tapps-Gervis-Meyrick, Bt., and Lady Meyrick, of Hinton Admiral, Christchurch, Hants.

Fayer

Miss Mary Alice Harvey

Mary Alice Kekewich Harvey is engaged to Richard Brian Orange, son of Sir Hugh and Lady Orange, of Farrandene, Forest Row, Sussex. She is the younger daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Charles Darley Harvey, and Mrs. Harvey, of the Limes, Compton, Guildford, Surrey

Pearl Freeman

Miss Cassandra Wright

Cassandra Wright is engaged to Capt. John Horsfall, Duke of Wellington's Regiment, son of Sir Donald Horsfall, Bt., of Currergate, Steeton, Yorks., and the late Lady Horsfall. She is the daughter of the late George Wright, of Brinkworth Hall, Elvington, and Mrs. Wright, of 12a, Wheatlands Road, Harrogate

Bassano

The Hon. Eleanor de Courcy

"Toony" de Courcy is the youngest of the three daughters of Lord and Lady Kingsale. She is engaged to John Campbell Clarke, only son of the late Dr. H. C. W. Clarke, of Ashton-on-Mersey, and Mrs. Clarke, of Hartwell, Formby. Her father is the thirty-fourth baron, and premier baron of Ireland

Motoring Commentary

By "Spare Wheel"

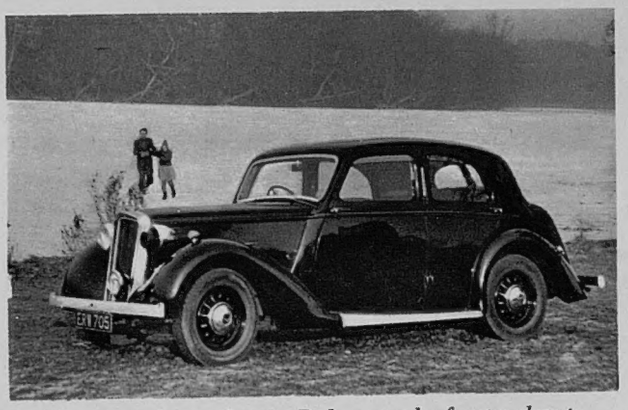
THERE is, I believe, to be another concerted effort to soften the Chancellor's heart or make him listen to reason in the hope of inducing him to restore the horse-power tax, if not to its pre-war level, at least to the original £1. The motor trade, almost destroyed by the combined effects of rationing and penal taxation, is desperate—and if you consider how important transport is in the life of the nation, its treatment is hard to understand. What chance is there of getting a reduction of any sort in taxation in the coming Budget? Is it not better to try for concessions that will cost the Chancellor little but will make motoring life easier?

The trade should start, for instance—though it is not a matter for the Chancellor—by pressing for permission to begin the second quarter on March 21st instead of March 25th. March 25th this year will be Easter Monday. That is a temporary affair, for this occasion only. But when the deputation goes to Sir John Simon it should ask for something which, once agreed to, will be a permanent improvement, though of more particular value this year: monthly licences. It is possible now to license a car for a month, but only by a troublesome and tiresome formality. There will be a lot of people this summer who will want to have a car for a few weeks, for workers are entitled to holidays even in wartime. The monthly licence only requires to have the month overprinted conspicuously on the licence, and then all the business of taking out a quarterly licence and getting a refund, with the book-keeping involved, would vanish.

Having solved, or propounded a solution of, the short-term licence problem, the deputation should venture to ask for the abolition of the supercharge on part-year licences. Do you realise that the horse-power tax is only 25s. if you are willing to take out a full year's licence, and that if you want a quarter's licence the rate is 27s. 6d. per h.p.? There is no justification for such a supercharge.

THERE are not many motor travel books, and of those I know, most are practically all travel with the motoring incidental. In *Two Roads to Africa* (Gifford; 10s. 6d.), the motoring part and the travel part are of equal importance and interest. H. E. Symons, the motoring correspondent of *The Sketch*, is the author. And if you think that even the Great Sahara Desert must have been robbed of all mystery and romance you should know that any private-car party planning to cross it have still to deposit a fairly substantial sum with the authorities against the cost of a possible rescue party.

In this book Symons describes four of his crossings of the Sahara—in, respectively, a Morris "Ten," a Morris "Twenty-Five," a Rolls-Royce "Phantom III.," and a Wolseley 18-80 h.p. On each expedition the motoring trials and triumphs are as interesting and readable as the strange lands, peoples and personalities encountered (and photographed) on the way, and the last of them, the story of the race to the Cape, when the Wolseley crashed through a bridge to fall 30 ft. into a river, was rescued and patched up and went on to beat the record, is an epic.



***The great frost:** Coombe Pool, a stretch of water close to Coventry, provided good skating for those who could get there. These people did so in their Lanchester "Fourteen" sports saloon*

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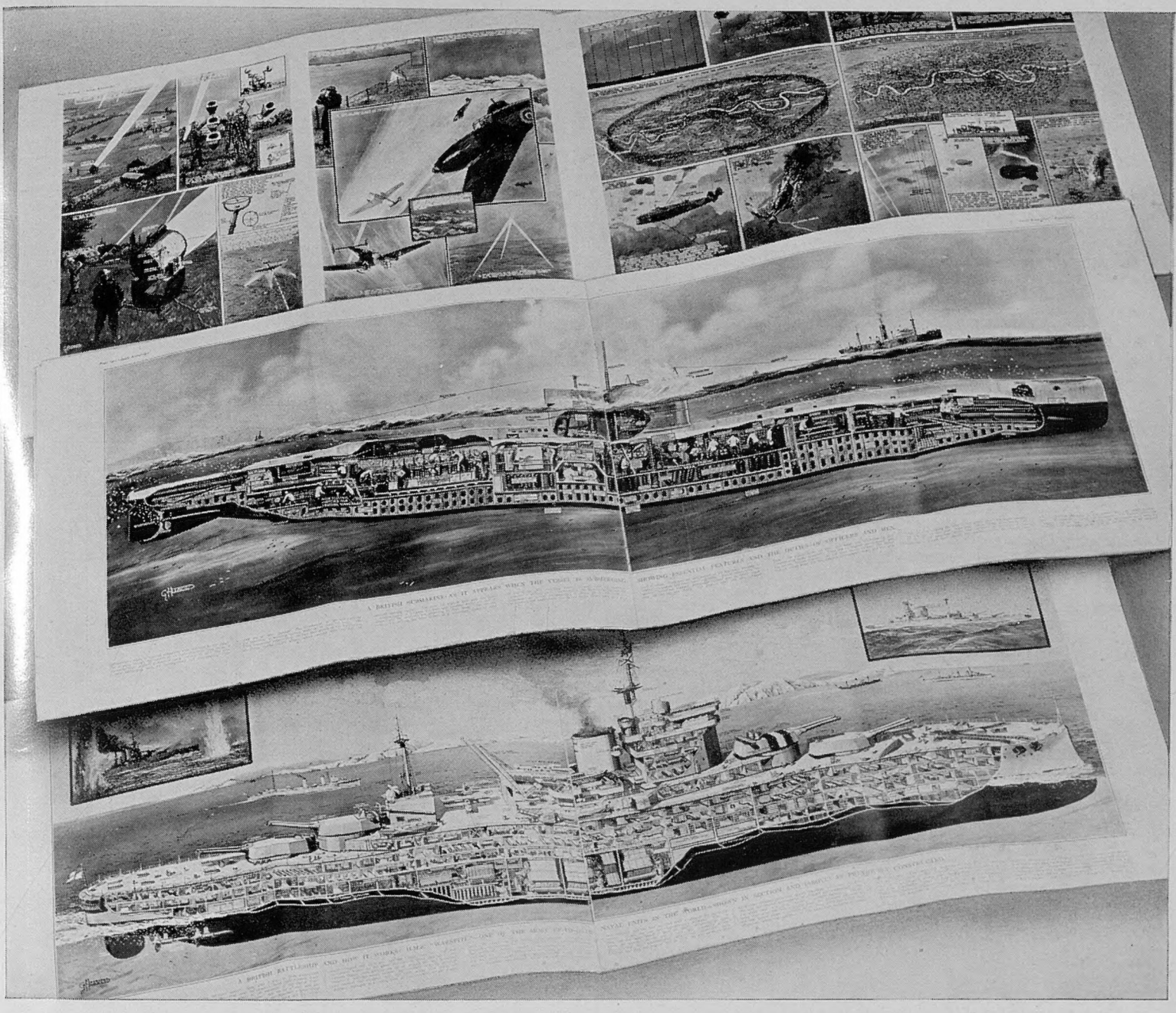

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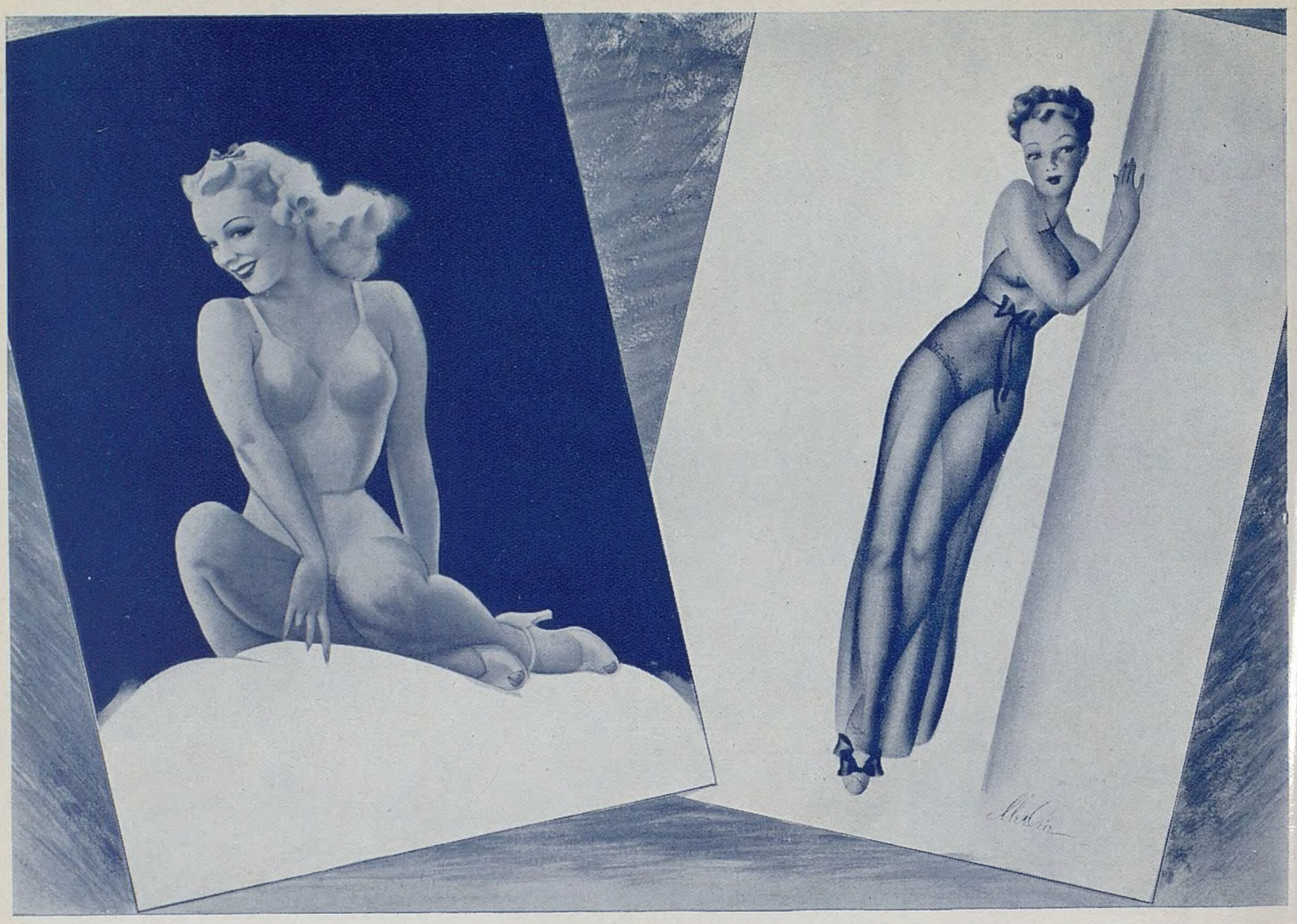

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